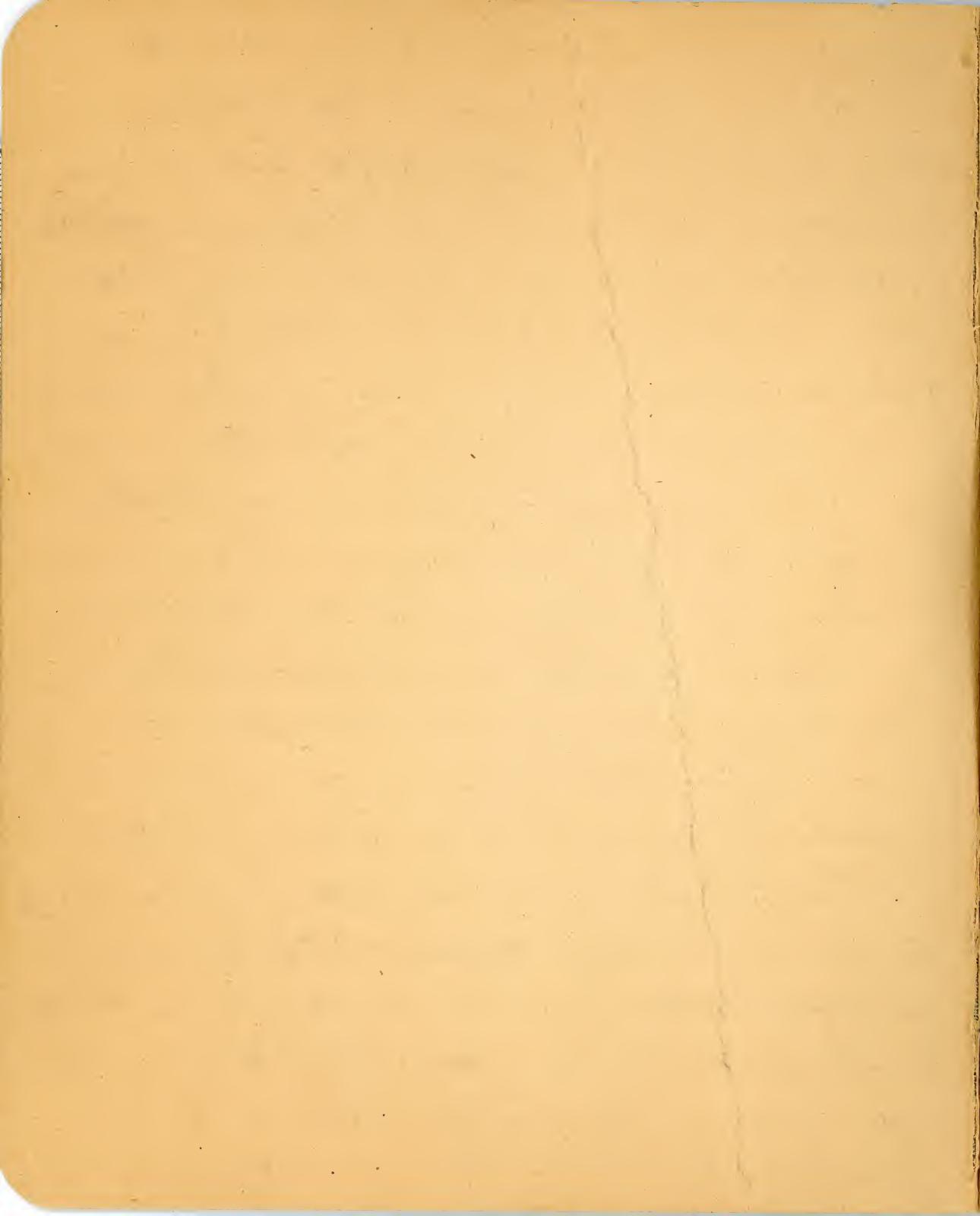


Exercise  
in Folio



Aug 6. 910 11 Yerba Buena & Moon pg 3  
Nothing of much importance  
except we have found Fresh Rat and three  
cotton rats and we find that Bushmen at Sabana  
is 15 miles away down the River and that  
we cannot hear much about the Chucuwalla  
road some people say it is a good place and  
easy others say no water bad roads and  
no Mountain sheep so Frank has made  
up his mind to go to Bushmen on the 12<sup>th</sup>  
of August so that he may return  
It is ~~45~~ 7 miles to Hedges and about  
4 more to a Laguna where we stop and  
Frank went with a team about a mile  
further to the Ferry <sup>on</sup> Aug 12. We hear  
that there is deer and Mountain sheep here  
but Frank saw no chance of Beavers and  
we shall probably get the Chucuwalla Road  
Frank went over the river to Bushmen they have  
a fine place he told me he brought home  
some Formations like Water-melons and

At 29 Palms on  
Monday there  
came 4 more camp  
a Western  
Tanager it was  
the first time  
that little thing I  
ever saw it sat  
caught flies to  
rest and work  
it's beak into  
the blossoms of the  
the creosote  
that grow round

well this dear  
little bird let  
me put my finger  
within half an  
inch of it and  
we hoped I could  
soon have held  
it in my hand  
It got confidence  
enough to fly  
on stones and  
I have seen it  
Brenda's shoulder  
if you are fable

Musk Melons they taste good to us for we  
are tired of desert fare. August 13 Frank  
has gone on a reconnoitering trip with Young  
Bishop this morning to see if they can find  
~~Frank brought home a further weight of lbs.~~  
~~any sign of~~ Bear and Mountain sheep.

Where we are now is called the foot of the  
mountain a very jagged range of mountains  
are seen across the river and a cone  
shaped mountain on this side while to  
the right of that is a jagged range looking  
as tho it is a part of some range on the other  
side and away in the distance is the Chuck  
walla Mountain still a little to the right.  
This valley extends from probably 15 miles  
above Eternburg to here a flat plain with  
nothing but Mesquite growing on it here the  
mountain comes with a very gradual slope  
to the river of course this slope is cut up  
into washes and little hills in all directions  
but the gravelly soil is quite sharply de-  
fined right here. Carl is busy to catch but

The only thing he has caught yet is a snag we were told that a piece of bacon was the proper bait to catch Ivory tail and then a piece of Ivory tail to catch a salmon. Carl caught a salmon which was good eating it weighed  $1\frac{1}{4}$  lbs right here I wish to note that the altitude is 6000 and still we see the Opuntia Basilaria it is the most widely spread cactus I have seen we found it at an altitude of 6300 the highest we have been on this journey on the Hualapai Mountain and it is here near the bank of the Colorado river. The large flat valley grows 25 cactuses at all. The almost the only trees are the Mesquite and screw beans while Palo verde is said to be here and the people wish to name this valley Palo Verde Valley. Now I said before that the foot of the mountain comes down to here and it is on this slope not 50 yards away that this Basilaria lives and I have seen no other kind of cactus here yet. It does not grow around Witch Creek but I have found it up Oak Grove.

Aug 14 Frank saw two deer yesterday while out with one of the Bishop boys and they <sup>or</sup> intend going on a good hunt in a day or two. Frank has gone over the river today to see about it. I have but little to do and time hangs on my hands a very unusual thing. The thermometer is 108 and the heat takes all the energy out of me.

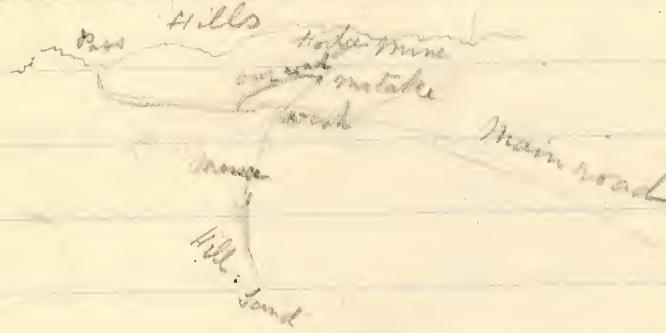
Aug 16 To day leave for a new camp ground three miles off a very nice place under cotton wood trees by the side of a slough. The Bishop boys have promised to join us and go for a deer hunt but the Dutchman has come along without an invitation and gives promise to bring an abominable mess with him. This slough is only 3 or 6 in. deep at most places and a great many birds find shelter here. Their mode of works seems to be that they start at one end of the slough and march along altogether with their bills open and in the water as to drive the fish before them sometimes when a fish is caught the fortunate one will fly a little way in front and so get time to swallow it before the whole flock come up but they seem rather

awkward birds often letting the ~~bad~~ fish drop. They repeat the drive once or twice and then rest the feeding time is before eight in the morning and the hot sky they are not bold as if we went to the water's edge they would turn and drive back after the feeding if disturbed they would fly off and it was because of that we could not get a photo of them Frank was out hunting early in the morning and the light was also too weak and we set the camera but when Frank tried to drive them as he could have done early in the morning they took to their wings. We stayed here two days and got no deer the last morning Frank got a fine coyote and the Bishop boys left and we pulled out for Chickawalla Mountain. First going to Hodges to fill up with water now from Shermanburg to McFees is 15 miles and from there to Hodges is  $\frac{1}{2}$  miles. At Hodges we saw two men one said it was 35 mile to Chickawalla a good road and plenty of water the other man said it was 45 miles and an awful road and no water.

so we have to go on with practically no information  
except that the last man seems to be the best informed.  
The neither of them have ever been there so now  
we start and we have a very poor supply of food  
with us for the Hodges keep a store we cannot get  
beans flour nor bacon. Our first stage is along  
this bottom land for three or four miles and then  
we strike some bad sand to get up on the mesa  
but they have corduroyed the road a little way  
especially up a pretty good hill with branches  
of Mesquite thrown down and sand thrown on top  
we use the three horses and get on to a mesa that  
is pretty good traveling it is the kind of country  
they Malapais it is small & stony ground  
the stones turned black on the upper side with  
the sun. We travel a plain road rising gradually  
for about 8 miles, Hodges mine being nine miles  
over here we came to the conclusion we had  
missed the way so sent Carl on ahead to see  
if he could strike the road as we wanted  
to turn off more to the left and this road

seemed to go right into the mountain where the  
mine was Carl came back with rather a con-  
fused information but plainly showing that there  
was no good traveled road up there so we had  
to turn back and try and struck the main  
road which we must have missed ~~as~~ This  
country is like so much of the country near  
the foot of hills rolling hillocks with narrow  
little washes between and Frank had <sup>come to a place he</sup> to cross  
one as we had just seen a cross road which  
seamed to go in the direction we wanted to go it  
was a nasty steep pitch and I got out Frank  
got down all right but on trying to get up George  
balked as he has done before Poor Dick struggled  
on but it was more than he could do and the  
whipple tree broke This was our first accident  
and of course it happens in about as bad  
a place as possible for crossing the desert with  
water a long way between is a serious matter  
However I began to cook supper and right  
on the edge of the gulch was a ironwood tree  
so Frank cut down a good limb and right

Made a new whipple tree fixed up a kind  
of road out and after supper we got the  
wagon up altogether we may have been  
delayed an hour but it is moon light so  
we travel right two or three miles further  
we strike the main road we cannot think  
how we missed it in the first place only at  
one place the road ran through a wash and  
the road had been washed out I will dry and



Hodges.

Drove how it was if I can Frank says this is nearly  
right we traveled along a pretty good road till we  
got into the wash then for perhaps two miles about  
pretty bad in places ~~then~~ then we struck a  
piece of good road smooth enough to travel with  
a bicycle perhaps three miles a range of hills  
comes in the distance we drove through

the washes and passes again for a mile or two  
then struck the main flat plain miles and  
miles in extent nothing but the same old desert  
plants sometimes we crossed a wash with  
Palla Verde Dealia Ipomoea and Ironwood trees  
~~but~~ we stopped at twelve at night having traveled  
about 21 miles from Hodges and four miles  
from Hodges to the slough.

Aug 19 Slept two hours and a half and started  
before sun up we are in a kind of wash  
and travel through it most of the day  
it is hard pulling as it is up hill all the  
way occasionally we strike a rocky piece of  
road and sometimes a good piece we have  
three horses on most of the day our iron wood  
whipple tree stands well a very wheary day  
the it is not very hot and we get to Chuckwalla  
about four in the afternoon we rested from  
twelve till two and gave the horses the last  
of the water. Chuckwalla puts me in mind

[In many places there is fine washes with iron wood trees that looks as  
of Palmetto & few & somewhat it is just such  
of the deer ought to be plentiful we see tracks but no deer.  
a little more in the mountain this there is no

surface water here as there the water is in  
a well about 6 feet down in a few places  
There is a damp place in the sand where birds  
can get a drink but none of the places are  
scratched out and no signs of deer or Mountain  
sheep in one place Frank thinks there is a hot  
track The Chuckwalla mountain it self is  
devoid of vegetation a bare forbidding jagged  
mountain we cannot discern a shrub on the  
whole mountain looking through the glass round  
The well are a few Mesquite Trees Ironwood  
and Palla Verde with the usual grey desert  
shrubs There is also the ruins of an old stone  
building or two which at one time was a station  
for this is an old stage road from Los Angeles  
~~We drove 18 miles today~~  
to Prescott Aug 20 left Chuckwalla about 7 past  
three and drove over a good road some parts was  
very good a very gradual rise till supper time  
when we cross the ridge and from that time we  
go gradually down hill we drove till twelve  
and made 22 miles Aug 21 This morning we do  
not yet started till 7 past five we are all very

Tired and I am sorry to say that I gave out.  
We passed Canon Spring about 10 in the morning a place  
that used to be a stage station we have been told that  
an earthquake made the spring dry up and we  
did not find any water there Frank killed a  
rattlesnake and I was feeling so bad that I thought  
I would ride horseback for a little way but did not  
keep it long. This canon is a very long one  
and some sandy most of the way it is narrow  
at the beginning and very gradually widens out  
and does not end till nearly to Los Palos.  
It seems mostly sandstone rock perhaps half  
way through there is forks in the road going  
to some mines. The sign board said to Sterling  
Granite & Boulder and Mill Spring signed at  
the bottom H. Sante. We have heard since that  
H. Sante is a ("Fellow who has taken up every ledge  
he can find he's taken up about 2000") really  
Homer Sante or Sante. We have also heard since  
that on the opposite side of the canon from where  
the old buildings and camping ground is a third  
of a mile back through the cliffs is still a little

water - we stopped for dinner at under the shade  
of a huge rock which looked as tho it was the  
very last of the canyon it was here that I gave  
out after getting dinner for my tired men folks  
I just collapsed Frank made me a bed up in the  
wagon and got me as far as Dos Palms where there  
was a locked up house and Barn nobody around  
so Frank fed the horses and I made every thing  
as comfortable as possible got hot sand and  
fastened round my waist to ease the pain There  
is two palms here right enough but at six  
miles from the Station which is Salton Dos  
Palms station has had to give way to Salton  
even the Post office is taken away and we  
had sent ~~our~~ word to have our mail sent  
to Dos Palms that being the closest station on  
the desert so we have not got any letters at all  
and don't expect to be able to get any till we  
get to Witch Creek Salton is quite a busy  
place considering the salt works are employ-  
ing 50 men mostly Indians and Chinese  
I heard say they sent out 75 car loads of salt

last frost month but do not know how reliable my informant is. It took three hours Aug 22 to go six miles from Dos Palms to Salton deep heavy sand for two miles took <sup>last</sup> three hours. It is 110 today and it has been 126 we are told. The Store Keeper kindly gave me some whisky as we have none having broken the bottle long ago. He is coming to look at our traps presently his sister's father in law Ben Hatch who wrote Birds of Minnesota and he helped him so is somewhat interested. There is no kind of house entry here that we can get in. The Team Driver of the Red Cloud Stage Co came in in the afternoon and told Frank that there is Sheep about 40 miles from here and he the driver killed one a night or so ago. Frank is very much enlarged by and dry I am too sick to move on but if I am well enough to be left to morrow he says leave one here with Carl while he tries for the last time for sheep Aug 23 Frank

Started off this morning Carl and I camped under  
a shed I am the only white woman here and  
am too sick to write much. In the afternoon  
a man came in who had passed Frank in  
The morning he gave me a nice drink of Port wine  
for we have nothing tempting to eat in camp  
When Frank went to the Bokhofs he bought some  
some flour Mr. Bokhof said that it was unfood-  
able to keep flour a year as they had to without  
weights getting in it and she sifted the flour  
she sent one but I saw there was some in  
and rather burned my nose up at it but we  
bought some flour here and it is just full  
of rat and mice manure which is much  
worse Carl is very much disgusted.

Aug 24-25-26 2<sup>nd</sup> Nothing to write but the  
weather thermometer reading  $112^{\frac{1}{4}}$  in the shade  
each day I am still very much under the  
weather and Frank has not got back yet  
we have not heard any thing of him.  
Salton, 265 ft below sea level so it is marked  
up.

September 7<sup>th</sup>

We are home again now and I have to go back for hard times made it impossible for me to keep up with my Diary and perhaps I may not remember dates and some things quite correctly now.

Aug 28 Frank came home this day bringing the good news of success having killed three mountain sheep and finding in two other sheep skulls. It seems that sheep are quite plentiful a few miles away from Corn Spring but are a good deal hunted for meat tho the fine of 500 dol make the people cautious. Soon after Frank got home I noticed that George the horse who had been left at home was sick but not very bad and we hoped that he would soon get over it. Our first walk home on the journey. Aug 29. The weather so hot and I am so poorly George is better but not well. Frank thinks we had better get out of this just as quick as we can so after getting off

his mountain sheep we hitch up and start  
for Fijtree John's we cross over the Salmon  
Lake at the north end so we do not have  
to go so far round as Walters. Neither do  
we touch Aqua Dulce Fijtree John is 10 miles  
across a very rough uncomfortable road.  
It looks as tho it is quite impassable in  
winter and in one or two places there was  
signs of foot wagons being bogged also a  
couple of broken rigs were lying by the road  
side which is only an Indian road. At Fij-  
tree Johns we saw an old Indian woman mak-  
ing baskets but she had none finished I think  
she must have been a good hand at the work but  
what I saw showed the deterioration of basketry  
for the one nearly finished was of a ugly oblong  
shape with pelicanated women as a pattern  
and they were without heads in this fashion



The material that the old woman used was differ-  
from any I had ever used before it was a

Long thin rush not thicker than a broom straw  
and 6' ft long I have seen the rush growing often  
in her house she had several bundles of the  
rushes all beautifully bleached she learned  
to dampen them when she used them a to split  
them in three and take the joint out they looked  
beautifully even and strong and with an awl  
she built up her basket duck by duck the one  
she was working on had only the flat bottom  
done which was a foot across so far as I  
could understand she intended to make  
a ~~flat~~<sup>old</sup> shaped one and would ask 10\$ for  
it she understood perfectly the value of  
baskets. After leaving her we went 3 miles  
further to Tsch Spring a bad road across  
sand dunes and sand mud of the way Tsch  
Spring is on our left I did not see the spring  
itself but it is among some sage brush trees.  
We stayed the night there Frank & Carl went  
to the spring to have a bath but they told me  
that after going through some thick bushes  
they came to the water and it was deep right

to the edge and filled with a kind of water  
that Frank tried first and slid in the  
water but could not find bottom he  
clung to the edge and reached in under  
the bank with his feet and could tell  
that the thin bank was just a mass of  
rocks that over hung the water and good  
ness knows how far he did not leave for  
for he might have been drawn under  
and never have got out soon after we camped  
big tree John came along an old Indian with  
a pleasant ugly face he told us where to  
find grass for the horses and said he owned  
the land for three miles further on.

Aug 30. On this day our most trying on the trip  
we drove 18 miles I was very tired and sick  
George is weak and ill The old mare who  
was to have had a rest after going back to  
Corn Spring has to work in Georges place and  
is giving out but we must get along The  
two front wheels of the wagon began to  
be in a very bad shape and no wonder

the point at San Felipe and  
soon comes on the high, broken  
Sandia Key Mission, Concordia  
and ends at San Pasqual.

One starts dotted at San Juan  
Capistrano, becomes solid  
back of the San Geronima Hills  
and nearly to (back of) San  
Juan Key Mission, dotted  
from there, then upon San  
Pasqual Valley, just west  
of Ramona, south from  
South of Ramona to  
~~Dates~~ ~~Dreams~~, then ends.

One starts near Miramar,  
from a little east of north  
to Nellie on Palomar. One  
green, dotted starts at Sweet-  
water Reservoir, goes, dotted,  
north east thru Jamaica  
Reservoir, El Capistrano, up the

all morning and part the afternoon we follow  
the south side of Salton lake seeing Salton  
and Dos Palmas stations on the opposite side  
we work George and Flora alternately but  
They can hardly get along and we have contin-  
ually to stop to rest at length George cannot  
do any more work of any kind and Carl  
who had been riding him had to get off  
and walk as George has begun to litter  
and we were afraid he would fall so  
he comes on behind and sometimes I get  
out and urge him and sometimes Carl  
does and we at last turn the corner for  
the road is in the shape of a V or rather Y  
and evening comes on Frank has not been  
here for ten years and does not know the  
country very well He tell us a tale about  
a man from San Bernardino or Riverside  
who was lost out here and never found which  
is likely At length just about sundown  
we come to a wash which shows signs  
of recent rains it also has ~~the~~

washed out the road in most places so  
we have to go on by Frank's small knowledge  
of the country. Presently it grows dark and  
we trudge slowly along. George is tied behind and  
Carl gets in and drives while Frank walks  
before trying to show us the way to go at last  
Frank is a little puzzled which side of a bush  
to go so asks for the lantern and of course  
it will not light it is nearly empty. Carl  
used it last night it went out on him and  
he put it away without refilling so we  
have to get out the oil can and fill up then  
we find that water has got into the oil and  
it won't light we try again and again  
at last it goes a little and we see which  
way to go but the road is quite lost only  
it is a wash and Frank is pretty sure  
he is right. Frank now takes the lantern  
and goes before and Carl can see a  
little which way to steer but it is  
very wearing work and every black  
thing that comes up in front is stamped

To try to make it out as a psalm at last when we are nearly worn out a tall black object comes in sight that's the palms or I'll eat my hat said Carl and sure enough it was so. The poor jaded horses are eager to get to water and a very few minutes takes to get them out of the harness and to the water. Two bushels of water for George and the last of the grain for here another anxiety begins we have been so long on the road and the horses so tired that we have had to give them all the grain to help and from now on we are without

Aug 31. Frank was up before five this morning and took the horses about 3/4 a mile to where he knows there is water for from here on is familiar ground to him and Carl is told off to see to them entirely. They are brought to water & George got loose and came along early and Dick came with him to get water which we think showed that George knows where he is for he has been here once before. He looks a little better. By dinner time I am nearly played out as I have to make biscuits and do several things and the journey is telling on me.

The water too we did not notice at last night but this morning we try to drink it without tasting if possible it is vile. After dinner we start on again. This ~~by~~ Palms spring is in what we call the bad lands country just a hole dug by the side of the road there is no palms all told but about 7 or 8 large ones they have been sadly mared by being burnt the trunks all black and charred Frank says it is done just for mischief to see the dead leaves at top flare but I have somewhere heard it was Indians custom. We leave soon after noon as we must get on for the horses must have something to eat and we shall never get better while we are in this hot place for it is as hot as ever. On leaving we go through nearly a mile of bad sand the three horses pitched on indeed the whole days drive has bad roads and we go very slowly slowly perhaps 3 miles about ~~not~~ 9 miles we pass some hills on our left that has some queer greenish looking formation on them and Frank says that he thinks they may be fossils and would like to look them up some day. This is a level desert plain all day with desert shrubs.

and we have got above sea level again and come to cactuses before night Frank has been here before and leaves the road which is very sandy and strikes across the ~~desert~~  
traveling is a little better that way he makes for two small rocky looking points that rise up in the middle of the plain they are 6 miles from the Palms and it is at these points that Frank found so much fossilized wood we got out of the wagon and looked round Frank took a photo of some lops that ~~were~~ were lying there how I wish we could have explored a little more but we must go on I go round but can hardly manage to the water or something has upset the horses and they have diarrhea and Carl and Frank are not much better so we move on George is well enough to carry Carl some times I lie in the wagon after a while Carl rides too and the horses crawl on Frank intends getting to a place where he knows

There is plenty of Piñata grass for we  
have no horse feed now. This grows always  
in sandy places we get there by dark and  
fast enough to rest. The horses have a good  
drink of water that we have brought  
from the Palms but we begin to turn from  
it it was not so bad at first but there seems  
to be so much salt in it that tho we drink  
our thirst is not slacked.

Sept 1. We are feeling pretty sick all of  
us Frank makes one a rest in the wagon  
he wishes to go to a tank in which he hopes  
to find water tho he is not sure of it I am  
too sick to notice much it is 9 miles to  
the tank. There is two ways to go. to go to  
Braga spring where there is water or to  
this tank where there may be water. The  
last is the best way if we can get on till  
<sup>at first you go to Braga we have to come several miles back</sup> then tho it is a little the longest we get to  
the wash and the ocotilla looks green it  
is in leaf and Frank thinks by the look  
of things that there has been rain if so the  
tank may be full when we get there

Frank and Carl have to go and dig the sand  
away for it is the habit of desert travelers  
to cover up water in these kind of places  
with the sand to keep the water from evap-  
orating as much as possible I lay in the  
wagon quite prostrated by this time and  
we had only a little of the precious water  
of 14 Palms left and it no longer seemed  
to help us for our lips were parched and  
our tongue close to the roof of our mouth  
at least mine did and I know Frank  
did we took just a mouthful and let  
it stay in our mouth as long as possible  
when Carl came back he said there was  
a very little water in the tank but it was  
quite undrinkable for us but he took  
the horses to it and they each had a pail  
ful then Frank told Carl to take the  
canteen and ride George to Santomas  
well six miles further on and come  
back and meet us with some water for  
the hot sand water still it was better

than what we had had Carl took a good  
drink and went off Frank put the horses  
in and we started off once more up  
a gentle slope but Sandy he would  
go a few steps then turn and fan  
me go on a little and fan me again  
and so on it took <sup>nearly</sup> about three hours  
to go and what a joyfull sound it was  
when we heard George running to our  
horses for he heard us before we saw  
him Carl spoke quite cheerful he had  
got some water for us and gave us the  
pleasant news that Santanac and some  
surveyors were at the well and would  
be there that evening and we hoped that  
we might be able to buy something for  
the horses to eat and sure enough when  
we got there so tired and worn out we  
were able to get some hay for them and  
there was a very few mesquite beans under  
the trees too the surveyors turned out  
to be government employees like our

selvers very pleasant men and one Dr Merrions second cousin sent me some sour wine which improved the water for me very much here we are much higher and the evening is a little cool and we all feel better for we know we can get through now the horses are very weak and their shoulders are sore but I do not think they are any worse but somewhat better than yesterday and day before Sep 2<sup>nd</sup> off

This morning before the other government outfit we have to go up a pretty steep hill and down another to get into San Felipe valley how good it looks to look down into the familiar valley it seems almost home We just hate to go through Julian so Frank makes up his mind that if it is possible he will drive through there to night tho it will be a hard drive and we do it 21 miles when we get to the banner grade it is getting dark and we drive up there with the three horses on I walk ahead and as far as I can

tell them where the road runs for under  
the trees it is pitch dark we camp a  
mile or so beyond Julian and it seems  
cold and I take out our Savio blankets  
and Frank & Carl are very glad of  
them oh how good the pure water is.  
and that I think is about all I have  
to say for we are a pretty delapidated looking  
lot when we get to Jon woods our front  
wheels are almost ruined the spokes  
are all loose Carl is in rags the horses  
are thin as they can be they have sore  
shoulders and their heads hang down  
still we are all safe no loss and  
a few days will rest us all up again  
and we shall be ready for another  
journey

*The following 29  
pages are blank.*

